KHAKI-CLAD REPORTER TELLS HIS OWN STORY

The Censor Hampers His Style, and the Bugle Routs Him Out Early-but Not Always Bright

By A PRIVATE

"Show a leg!"

At hearing this raucous command of the sergeant in charge of quarters, about 6:20 a.m., I open one eye, wearily, oh, so wearily, and reach for a fag. The fag firmly fixed in my face, I proceed to hunt for trousers, sox, and the other essentials to a correct appearance at reveille, twenty minutes later. At the command "Outside ev-a-body" I jump into rubber boots (for I never can get enough time to wind those spirals and adjust those glove-fitting shoes before roll call), throw on an overcoat, and beat it for the door. Once outside, I stand shivering at attention while the Top, in accents meek and mild, reads off a list of some 170 odd names.

In short, I am one of the gang, I am of the army, armily, whether a reporter is uniform or not. And though I entor uniform or not.

In short, I am one of the gang, I am of the army, armily, whether a reporter in uniform or not. And though I enjoy it, and wouldn't be anywhere else for the world, and though army reporting is a lot more interesting than even divorce court covering, it is a lot different from reporting for a paper back home. I often think of that when I am standing out there in line, waiting for the Top to get through with the four syllable names and get down to mine; and the comparison between those days and these never fails to make me laugh.

Perhaps it may make you laugh, too. Want to hear about it? All right; here goes:

goes:

A reporter in cits' clothes knows no taps. If the city editor started to check him up on the hours when he got home at night, he would think the city ed. crazy, and would walk in with a kick to the Old Man. To be sure, reporters on evening papers have to selfumose some sort of a reveille so as to got to their offices somewhere near on time in the morning; but they are universally pitted, and more often than not unjustly scorned by their brethren of the morning paper persuasion. justly scorned by their morning paper persuasion.

And They Call it a Hard Day!

And They Call it a Hard Day!
On a morning paper, though, a metropolitan paper where conditions are pretty fairly typical, the day goes something like this: The reporter wakes up sometime before noon, bathes, shaves and shines at his leisure, growls over the copy of the paper before him at the way they have cut his stuff, and lunches at his ease. The leisurely luncheon out of the way, he gets on the 'phone.
"Hello, Desk." he drawls. "Anything for me right away?"
"Nope," says Friend Desk. "Not just now. Call up again in an hour or two, and if we haven't anything for you then, just take a roll down here and sit in on a game."

(Fan you imagine calling up the Skin.

then, just take a following between the in on a game."

Can you imagine calling up the Skipper or the Top just before drill time, and getting an answer like that? You can—like you-know-what!

getting in answer her hart. For suppose, just to keep up appearances, the civilian reporter does drop into the office about—with accent on the about—the time he is supposed to begin work in the afternoon. He hangs around a while, reading exchanges, playing pinochle with the day assistant Dosk or matching pennies with the office boy. The Dosk may ask him to take a short story from some district man on the end of a 'phone, or may send him out to call on Mrs. Suffering Catts to know what is the matter with the internal management of the Animal Rescue League. That done, it is usually eats time; and if it is in a big town and the winter diuner season is on, the chances are the Dosk calls him over and chances are the Desk calls him over and

This They Call a Hard Night!

"Blank, here's a ticket to the annual banquet of the Society for the Suppres-sion of Original Sin, up at the Saved-off. You can eat there if you want to, but if you don't you can go to a showoff. You can eat there if you want to but if you don't you can go to a show-Ned will fix up a seat for you—and just drop in for the buil. We're full of adstonight, so don't make it over a half a col., and try to get back here along about eleven o'clock. If it's late and there's anything hot, just 'phone it. General —— is down for the last speaker, but hell! You can quote bim without having to stay for him. He can't talk about anything but preparedness, so just say in your story that he talked on that. Professor —— may spring something hot if he makes an ass of himself, but if he doesn't, don't bother to quote him. That's all."

The civillan reporter has one thing in common with the army reporter: When he gets orders he says, "Yes, sir." But that is about the only thing he has in common. The army reporter salutes after saying "Yes, sir." or simultaneously with it; the civilian reporter would as soon he seen on the street without his cane and gloves than he would be seen saluting anybody.

To go back to that night's work, as

his cane and gloves than he would be seen saluting anyhody.

To go back to that night's work, as laid out by the Desk. The civilian reporter, after having dined well and looked in on a couple of acts of a lively show, strolls into the grand ballroom (or "bullroom," as it is known in the trade) of the Sawedoff, right up in front to the press table, just in time to ring. trade) of the Savenon Lines of the press table. Just in time to ring in on the coffee, liqueurs and cigars. He nods casually to the two or three prominent clergymen at the speakers' table, is slapped on the back by an ex-President of the United States, pokes a couple of Scuators in the ribs, and was an airy "Hullo, General!" to the guest of honor (whom he doesn't intend to listen to). Then he takes his place with Lis fellow scribes and starts in to draw thumbnail sketches of Professor—who, he confidently hopes, will make an ass of himself, and so please the Desk. the press table, just in time to ring

How the Mighty Lose Out

Desk, getting a ring, hears something like this:
"Hello, Night Desk? Blank calling—
8.8.0.8. dinner. Nothing doing, General — hasn't talked yet, but you can quote him as saying that we have got to adopt universal service if we are to hold our place among the nations of the world. He always says that, and he looks as if he had it on his chest tonight, too. Prof. — didn't say much; just took a fling at some pacifist colleagues of his—not much pepper in it. Wanna gimme a rewrite man for it?"
"Nove." retorts the Assistant Night

No, Sir! In the first place, there are no graft assignments, no dinners, no art exhibits, dog shows, pink teas, orworder of wonders!—no Allied Bazaars, in the second place, there are no easily obtained interviews with the great and the near great. To get an interview for a metropolitan paper, the civilian reporter usually just sends in his card. The army reporter, having no card, has to talk to an orderly, a sergeant major, an adjutant, a chief of staff—if he is going that far—before being admitted: and each time he has to repeat his message, stand attention, salute, and keep to the third person. It's a lot better for him to do it that way, at that; he doesn't get the swelled head that, it is to be feared, is one of the most frequent possessions of the civilian reporter who has been about a bit.

No More Kidding the Colonel No. Sir! In the first place, there are no

No More Kidding the Colonel

No More Kidding the Colonel

The ex-regular reporter who goes into
the army reporting game renounces once
and for all the privilege of kidding the
Colonel. The colonels he was used to in
civil life most got their titles from being on governors' staffs, or by coming
from the Mint Beit of the south. Not
so with the army colonels he has to interview; they are the real thing.

"The real thing." Perhaps that's, after
all, the main difference between the newspaper game back home and the game
as it is played for an army newspaper
over here. Back there, talk about preharedness, for example, was abstract;
and, uttered as it was over groaning
being the staff of the staff of the staff of the staff
concrete preparedness, and not just one
man's idea of it. Then, too, with pacifists and all the other pests of a reportcr's life; one could guy their speeches
over there because they seemed to be fists and all the other pests of a report-er's life; one could guy their speeches over there, because they seemed to be such harmless, soft-brained folk. But over here? One has no patience with them or their mouthings. The reporter who, after a taste of work on a paper gotten out by the army, for the army, went back to his old work in an American city would certainly look at lots of things from very different angles.

No "Where? When? How?

No "Where? When? How?

The big difference, though, is in the question of accuracy. "Where did it happen?" Is the first thing the City Editor used to ask about a fire or an accident. You told him. "Put it in the story." he would add, if you were green on the job. Over here, while the City Editor-in-Shoulder-Straps would like to know, for his own information, where a thing happened, he doesn't add, "Put it in the story." Not by a long shot; he isn't in the bustness of giving information to the cnemy. Neither—for the same reason—is he particularly concerned with time or date; which again makes quite a difference. But it's all in the game, and it's all very necessary that it should be so.

There are no free theater passes for

be so.

There are no free theater passes for army reporters, because there are no theaters in the Zone of the Advance, except the Theater of War. There are no season tickets to the ball games, for there is no baseball schedule. There are no days off, and there is no such thing as a raise or a bonus for a big story put over. But in spite of all those hitherto expected things, reporting in uniform is a great game, if you don't weaken.

Condiment Can-4 2 onnces tin Cup-5.5 ounces a ince of other metal. -1.5 ounces metal.

Front Sight Cover-2 ounces iron and eel. Gun Sling—1 ounce brass, 7 ounce ather. Haversack—1.8 ounces brass, 24 ounces

Kuife—1 ounce iron and steel, 0.7 Meat Can—0.3 ounce iron and steel, 2 ounces aluminum, 0.1 ounce other

motal.

Oiler and Thong Case—1.5 ounces brass and 1.5 ounces leather.

Pack Carrier—0.3 ounce iron and steel, to ounces cotton and 1 ounce leather.

Pouch of First Aid Packet—0.3 ounce brass and 1.6 ounces cotton.

Rifle—107 ounces iron and steel, and counces wood.

Shovel—25 ounces iron and steel, and ounces wood.

Shovel Carriers-5 onnces cotton.

Spoon-1.7 ounces metal. The metal used in the bullet is a lead and tin composition inclosed in a jacket of cupro-nickel.—N. Y. Sun.

'ROUTE STEP - HRRCH!" (A Medley)

"What was it, Sarge? Couldn't hear him!" (This in a whisper.)
"Route step, you boob! Go ahead and light up!"
"Aw-right! Aw-right! Wha'll we sing, Dinny? Oh, I know! 'All We Do Is Sign the Pay Roll'—mebbe he'll take

the tip!" tip!"

(Everybody.)

"All we do is sign the payroll,
All we do is sign the pay roll,
All we do is sign the pay roll,
And we never get a gol-dern cent!"

First, they make us make allotments, Then they make us take insurance. Then they fine us in court-marrer-shul. So we never get a gol-dern cent!"

So we never get a gol-dern cent!"

(By this time the head of the column has started a song of its own, the middle of the column is on something else, while the tail-enders are trying out their voices on something else again. The result is something like this):

"Oh, the minstrels sing of an ancient king of many years ago—On the rocky road to Dublin, we were swinging along, we were swinging along—Pity a soldier in Roston's great city—Drunk last night and drunk the night before—The engineers they wag their ears above the hills and drunk the night before—The engineers they wag their ears above the hills and ditches—Oh, won't you come up, come up,—The infantry, the infantry, with mud behind their ears, they'll lick their weight in wildents and drink their weight in beers—s."

Then—(all together)—
"Wake up in the morning at the sound or rev-vul-lee,
I looks at the Skipper, and the Skipper looks at me;
The Skipper says, 'You ain't worth a

The Skipper says, 'You ain't worth a For you're only a rookie and belong to

Uncle Sam! Uncle Sain:
Then it's home, boys, home; it's home
we long to be—
Home, boys, home,—in North Amerikee!
We'll hang old Glory—

"Cheese it! He's comin' down the line!" (Silence.) "Left-right, left-right, left-right; left-right" (verbal camonflage by file-closers), "hup, hup, hup-hup-hup! One, two, three, four—ONE, two. Oue. two, three, four — O THREE, four!"
"All right! He's beat it up!

Down in the guardhouse, waiting my discharge,
To hell with the sergeant and the corp'rl
of the guard!"

"Cheese it, Micky; here he

BEAUTY HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

By BRAN MASH

Ears, except those of the cauliflower variety, should be neatly dusted with a wet gun rag every day, and be kept at the alert position when the Top is reading off orders and kitchen details. They should be carefully covered in cold weather to avoid freezing, and, if frost-nipped, should be vigorously rubbed with mud or snow, whichever is handler at the time. They should be protected by drums and absorbent cotton when employed within the inmediate vicinity of the heavy artillery, so as to conserve their usefullness for employment in listening posts up front.

Hair is being worn much shorter this season for the simple reason that it is easier to take care of that way, and that it does not lend itself to colonization quite so rapidly when clipped close. With the new Overseas cap, no many should complain of having contracted a headcold after his visit to the company barber. The Overseas cap may be worn all day when the tin helmet is not required, and at night may be replaced by the Red Cross knit helmet or an extra large sock.

Mustaches are absolutely essential to the social success, in exclusive French circles, of all members of the A.E.F. One should not, however, attempt to copy the trellis and formal garden designs of the native mustache. One should be content with the near-English, or toothbrush variety. The way the program is laid out for our troops Ears, except those of the cauliflower ariety, should be neatly dusted with a

the program is laid out for our troops

A NEWCOMER IN FRANCE-



can or Englishman, is only an incident: to a Frenchman, it is a career.

Mutton chop whiskers, while affected still by some of our British cousins both on the stage and off, have not yet become popular with members of the A.E.F., nor are they likely to be so in future. They are reserved for the exclusive use of somewhat Anglicized ambulance and Red Cross men and for itinerant members of investigating committees on morals.

The human face, which has been issued by Nature to almost every member of the A.E.F. at one time or another, can be best kept in condition, now that spring is coming on, by shaving in cold water. This may sound like harsh treatment, but it is none the less good advice. Shaving in cold watermakes for ruddy checks, clean complexion, and ease in adjusting gasmasks. For the latter reason, shavers should be particularly careful to cut a clean swathe about the chin.

The gas mask, being an indispensable adjunct of correct attire up front, has done away, in large measure, with the military beard as worn by Grant, Lee. Sherman, and other prominent Americans of the past. The beard may still be worn by officers behind the lines—if they dare—but is fast going out of date. For enlisted men, its use is restricted to veterans of the Revolutionary, 1812.

Mexican, Seminole Indiana and Civil wars who may still be serving in the ranks. who may still be serving in the

in the winter season particularly, they found it hard to obtain baths. For the found it hard to obtain baths. For the same reason, the American doughboy sojourning in France during the winter and near-winter season may be permitted an indulgence in perfume of all descriptions which, if practiced in the States, would earn for him sucial ostracism. As long, however, as mess sergrants continue to permeate all their dainty offerings with the aroma of the succulent onion, and as long as the Borhe insists on fumigating cur clothes, hair and accountements with chlorine gas, the odors of perfume will never become really offensive to the American beak.

Noses should be worn plain, without

rails that you feel they must like the country. It's just as if they'd rolled right out of the Loco works back home and had come right across the Atlantic under their own power.

again!" (More silence, punctuated by an occasional "left-right, left-right!")

"The COM-missioned officers, they are a—"

"CHEESE IT, I tell you, Jimmy! He was right in back of you when you started that! Lay-off, for Pete's sake!"

("He" proceeds forward. Gradually

local. When not in active use, noses should be deeply burled in improving literature—and never in foam!

Noses should be worn plain, without can't say loss. Save where the roseate hue may be legitimately traced to sunburn. They should the promoter, if at all, with the light dust of the region, after the mud leaves it—tif it does. One may decorate ones nose with talcum powder, if one's squad mates will stand for it. This is often point. When not in active use, noses should be deeply burled in improving literature—and never in foam!

Noses should be worn plain, without can't should be powdered, if at all, with the light dust of the region, after the mud leaves it—tif it does. One may decorate one's nose with talcum powder, if one's squad mates will stand for it. This is often point. When not in active use, noses should be deeply burled in improving literature—and never in foam!

Noses should be worn plain, without can't say say where the roseate hue may be legitimately traced to sunburn. They should the tregion, after the mud leaves it—tif it does. Noses should be worn plain, without powder, if one's squad mates will stand for it. This is often powdered, if at all, with the light dust of the region, after the mud leaves it—to the powdered, if at all, with the light dust of the region, after the mud leaves it—to the powdered, if at all, with the light dust of the region, after the mud leaves it—to the powdered to never the roseate hue may be legitimately acceptable to the subclusters and the powdered to sunburn. They should be accept the roseate hue may be legitimately traced

He was right in back of you when you started that! Lay-off, for Pete's sake!" ("He" proceeds forward. Gradually the various platoons get disintegrated again, and off they go.)

"Huckleberry Finn, if I were Huckleberry Finn, I'd do the things he'd do. I'd be a kid again!—Glawry, glawry balleloogooo-yah! — One grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back—I downna be a so-oldjer; ys should I fight, everyt'ing by me's all right?—My mother's an apple ple baker, my father he fiddles for gim—Hello, Broadway, good-bye France!—Jone of

Sammy Smiff almost got five days in he brig for saving the Major's life. Its name really isn't Smiff, but we're calling him that today just to baffle the

when his battainon is in the trenches
the Major makes it a practice to visit
every foot of the sector every morning
before breakfast.
One morning he had jut completed
his tour and was walking back along the

A DOUGHBOY'S DICTIONARY

communication trench, near the battalion-post, when he heard someone appealing to something to "Come seven." He
walked toward the voice which issued
from the third-line trench to the right
of the communication. The battalion
post lay about 100 yards off to the left
of the communication trench. Christmas Box—A broken-into parcel partly filled with wristlets, mudlers, heavy sox, knit helmets, mittens, kid-teep pads and tunny bands that arrives in France about the middle of July. Get the geography right because it art of the story.

part of the story.

"Oh-h Ba-abee! Shoot the ten francs," said Sammy Smif's voice.

There are some kinds of shooting that are forbidden in our Army, even in the trenches. To "shoot the ten francs" is varietien.

you will never be able to get at it.

American Tobacco—An extinct species of weed, which used to be smoked by be-men in pipes, in clearette papers or in clear wrappers, without material larm to their masal organs or tongues.

Abri—An underground shelter entirely populated by soldiers and cooties.

Trench—1. A hole in the ground, without beginning and without end, entirely filled by water and very frequently the object of the enemy's attention.

2. (Plural) Trenches—The things in which the people back home imagine we are all of the time.

Dugout—The most satisfactory life in-

are torbulen in our Army, even in the trenches. To "shoot the ten francs" is verboten.

Reaching the third-line trench, the Major turned not toward his battalion-nost as usual, but to the right to interview Sammy Smiff.

Sammy's fellow shootsman saw the Major coming and got away.

Just then many things happened at once in the third-line down to the left of the communication trench. About twelve German shells banged where the Major would have been walking if he hadn't turned to stop the crap-shooting. They threw mud on the battallon post, but nobody was hurt.

The Major looked at the bursting shells and at Sammy Smiff. Then he put the bones into his pocket.

"You might have been sentenced to five days for gambling," said the Major, "but I'm letting you off this time."

ive days for gambling," said the Major but I'm letting you off this time."

THE STARS—FROM FRANCE

We see a lot of stars in France.—
I'p in the heavens high they dance.
While we, on watch for scudding plane
Gaze up in awe and rack our bridge
In wonder whether, way up there.
Those little worlds have now a share
of all the horror this world knows,
of all the wartime's walls and woes.

Has every little world above Hs share of war-hate, share of love? Has every one its sinking ships, Its front lines locked in battle grips? Has every one its racking strife? Of sword and gun, grenade and knife?

Has every one a tyrant who The peaceful millions would subdue?

or is this little world of ours. The sole one knowing wretched hours. Of dreary viril in the sleet. Of waiting for returning feet. Of home-bound warriors? Have we, reft in war, the only had star left. While all the others have outgrown. The age-old war 'twixt Folk and Throne?

We do not know now if we are Upon the only backward star;
Nor do we know that only we Do spite the planets' harmony.
We only know that we must purge
This world—our star—of tyrants' scourge;
That, when thus freed, 'twill shine as fair

AN ANGEL-BUT UNAWARE

The transport driver had feelings to

The transport driver had lectings to match. He kept making harsh statements about things in general and muttering unkind remarks to his unoffending horses, as he slowly picked his way along the shell-torn street of a shattered

along the success.

Suddenly, the form of a woman came out of the darkness. The driver jamme on the brakes and tugged strenuously at the horses' heads. He stopped ins in time to avoid running the woman

When he got back his breath, he von

When he got back his breath, he vomited three mouthfuls of the great Australian language over the figure on the road. She stood patiently and listened. He turned off the flow of words and motioned to her to get out of the way. But she made no sign of moving.

He emptied another collection of variegated language over her, and waited some more. No movement.

some more. No movement.

He asked the atmosphere emphatically what the unprintable language it thought of the woman. Then he decided that she couldn't understand Australian. So he teled French

conduct understand Australian. So he tried French.
"Alley, toot sweet!" he shouted.
Still no movement.
"Alley!" he roared again.
Again no movement.
"Alley!"—Partie!—er—er . . .
For Gawd's sake get out of the blanky road!!" he yelled in desperation.
Nothing happened.
He became silent. He was baffled. For the first time on record his remarkable

He became silent. He was baffled. For the first time on record his remarkable accumulation of high-power language had lost its impelling power! He decided to put the "actions speak louder than words" proverb to the test. He threw down the reins disgustedly and clamberd off the wagon for the purpose of expostulating at close quarters. "Look here, you—"

He stopped short. He found himself taking to the stone image of an angel that had been unearthed from the ruins of a church and placed in position on the road.

the road.

A chorus of triumphant laughter came out of a ruined house.—Aussic, the Australian Soldiers' Magazine.

And bright as any star up there!

Or is this little world of ours

We see a lot of stars in France

the hardy soldiery of the twentieth cen tury.

Spiral Putters—Part of a scheme to increase the size of fatigue squads by making a larger number of men late to revoille.

reveille.
Underwear—The favorite ration of the

Contenuerr—The tayorite ration of the goar, sheep-tick and flea.

Officer of the Day—A lleutenant troubled with sleeplessness and possessed of a bad habit of coming around between midnight and dawn and asking embarrassing questions.

ODD BIRDS IN FRENCH ARMY

be-men in pipes, in cigarette papers or in cigar wrappers, without material larm to their mast organs or tougues.

Abri—An underground shelter entire typopulated by soldiers and cordies.

Trench—1. A hole in the ground, without beginning and without end, entirely filled by water and very frequently the object of the enemy's attention. C. (Pural) Trenches—The things in which the people back home imagine we are all of the time.

Digout—The most satisfactory life insurance policy sold in the less healthy portions of France.

Machine Gun—An arrangement allered to be able to do the work of fifteen men but requiring the work of thirty men to keep it in operation and condition.

Court Martial—A scheme to separaty our from your money, or your liberty.

Campaign Hat—An obsolete piece of headgear now seen only in historical raintings and on statues of Robert E. Lee, Uysses S. Grant, Philip Sheridan, William Teenmseh Sherman, Frederick Funston, and other generals. Soft sidered altogether too effete for usage by

English and American

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AMERICAN OVERSEAS FATIGUE CAP (To Measure)

The speakers begin. They say nothing. They never do—that is, the early ones. About eleven o'clock the Assistant Night getting a ring, hears something

gimme a rewrite man for it?"

"Nope," retorts the Assistant Night Desk, wearly. "Gotta jam on tonight, and can't handle it. Forget it, and kangs up. But, instead of going home. ""Thanks," says the reporter, and hangs up. But, instead of going home consorts with those of his kind who are homeless, takes off his cost, and demands a stack of chips and a stein. If he gets to bed before 3 a.m., he is original to the point of being peculiar.

And he calls that a day's work.

Nothing like that in army reporting.

THESE THREE CAME BY MAIL ORDER



They came by mail order, these three big locomotives, just like the college yell of a correspondence school. They can make a lot more noise than any yell invented, and they have more pull than any scion of the German nobility. They were built in the U.S.A., for use in hauling U.S.A. ammunition, grub and other supplies up to the front in France, thereby putting that same German nobility out of action. They have been coming along as regularly as Texas election returns, two or three of them umphumphing and whoo whoolng through Parls every two or three days on their

WILL LUG ONLY 25 POUNDS

Experts Plan to Reduce Dough-boys' Burden to Minimum

After a series of experiments in which efficiency and practicability were the chief factors taken into consideration the amount of metal entering into the composition of articles required for the equipment of infantrymen in the United States Army has been reduced to a mini-

The figures, compiled by the ordanance bureau in Washington, show that the soldiers carry 249.65 ounces of metal and 114.7 ounces of cotton, leather, wool and wood, the entire weight being about twenty-five pounds.

The articles included in the infantry-man's equipment, with the weight in ounces, follow:

Bacon Can-0.4 ounce iron and steel and 8 ounces wood.

Bayonet—15 ounces iron and steel and

1 ounce wood.

Bayonet Scabbard—2 ounces iron and steel, one-half ounce brass, 1 ounce alumium, 0.3 ounces of other metal, 1 ounce cotton, 2 ounces wood and 0.7 ounces lookbar

(Everybody.)

(Voice from up front)—"Atten—SHUN!"

again, and off they go.)

"Huckleberry Finn, if I were Huckleberry Finn, I'd do the things he'd do. I'd be a kid again!—Glawry, glawry halleloooooo-yah!— One grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back—I dowanna be a so-oldjer; wy should I fight, everyt'ing by me's all right?—My mother's an apple pie baker, my father he fiddles for gin—Hello, Broadway, good-bye France!—Jone of Ark. Jone of Ark—The girl I love, is on a magazine co-ho-ver—Oh, it's nice to get up in the morning, but's nicer to lie in bed—And when the guns begin to shoot we'll go and hire a substey-toot!— Damm, damm, damm the insurrectoes!— Americur, I raised my boy for you—

(Everybody.)

"And if I had another He'd stay at home with mother,— Americurr, here's my boy!"

-then a faintly whispered, Just as we was gettin'

at present, no man will have time to care for a large mustache as it should properly be cared for. It is well to re member that a mustache, to an American or Englishman, is only an incident to a Frenchman, it is a career.

The French invented perfume because

GAME SAVES MAJOR'S LIFE

So Sammy Smiff is Let Off From Well-Deserved Punishment

When his battalion is in the trenches